National Reg'is

Fun.

Ben I Smith
Aug 1794

THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL. II——No. 45. Whole No. 97.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. The Tickler shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning. Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, in advance. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

GENUINE HERBACEOUS
BITTERS,
Made solely by James Gartland,
NO. 78,
North Second-street, Philadelphia.

TO prevent or cure fevers, bilious and bowel complaints, head-aches, loss of appetite, costiveness, melancholy, &c.

Use. If your body be regular, take 3 tea spoons full of the bitters in a tea cup full of cold water, morning and night; and a little in the course of the day, in any drink you are accustomed to take. If too laxative, take the bitters in camomile tea, with a few drops of the spirit of lavender. If costive, increase the quantity of the bitters. Moderate eating and drinking, with these rules will prevent fevers.

In case of attack; take a vomit of strong camomile tea, and drink freely of weak camomile to work it off, after which drink freely of the bitters in camomile tea, and it will carry off the fever by perspiration, but if the body be debilitated previous thereto, add some good red wine, brandy or geneva. All new liquors are pernicious.

The red bitters may be used with red wines and brandy. The yellow with white wines or other liquors. Both have the same effect.

Taking these bitters so as to keep the body regular, will prevent or cure the other complaints.

Its valuable effects on the human frame may be ascertained by any person who will take about a solid inch of fresh killed beef and immerse it in a glass of the bitters for about two hours, expose it afterwards in the shade under heat, air, dew and rain, and no putrefaction will ensue—hence it may be safely taken by both sexes. This experiment the proprietor made in the dog-days when Fahrenheit's thermometer had been for several days about 90°. And it defies chemistry on its most extensive scale, to be able to decompose it, or ascertain thereby, its several component parts or ingredients, therefore no imposition under that head can take place.

Price 50 cents per bottle, and 6 cents will be allowed on returning the bottle and label

HE HAS ALSO FOR SALE,
An Ointment for the extirpation of Bugs.

Use. Clean your bedsteads well, rub the underneath, and inside the mortises, tenons & every crevice with the ointment; also 2 or 3 inches of the feet next the floor, this will prevent them creeping up. If too thick, heat the bottle.

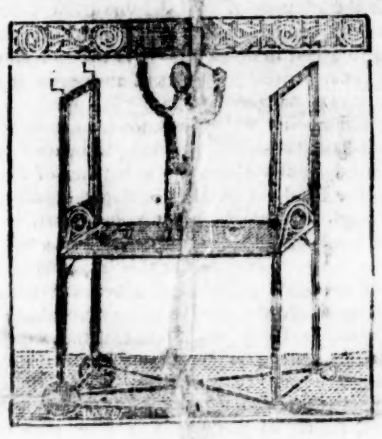
If going to ride, rub a few drops on the horse's ears, it will prevent him from being annoyed in that tender part by flies of any description, and thereby tend to keep him cheerful on the journey.

If mixed with green paint made on raw oil and laid on your bed chamber ceiling, it will prevent flies or musquitoes resting thereon. Price 25 cents.

Likewise a Liquid Blacking prepared with oil that will nourish and preserve the leather in boots and shoes. Price 25 cents.

Also a superior liquid blacking that will make even faded morocco appear as new Spanish leather, a shining black.

September 20.



Augustus Uz,

PATENT WALL-COLOURER AND PAINTER IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.

No. 108, north Seventh-street.

MOST respectfully presents his acknowledgements to a liberal public, for favors received in the extensive encouragement of his new established business, and begs leave to inform them of his further improvements. At the particular request of a number of his customers, he has undertaken the manufacturing of different washes for walls, such as yellow, blue, orange colour, pink and lilac, already mixed fit for laying on, and with sufficient directions for use, so that any person habituated to whitewashing, can also lay on these washes. When desired, he will mix any other colour beside the abovementioned. The yellow wash in particular, is of a much brighter tint and approaching more the colour of a lemon, than the yellow ochre, and at the same time much cheaper. He will wait on applicants in the morning from six till nine, and in the afternoon from one till three o'clock. The above mentioned washes being manufactured at a low rate, it is expected, the public will be highly gratified with the plan.

His painting of walls in imitation of papering, has met with a most unanimous applause, and is now in a state of rapid progression and improvement, and as many persons wishing work done in his line, are often disappointed, on account of his business increasing faster than he can teach men to do it, he finds it necessary to let the public know, that he can paint rooms and other apartments, where a fire can be made, in the winter as well as in the summer, and he warrants the work to be equally as good.

Philad. Sept. 20, 1809.

Baltimore College
GRAND LOTTERY.

NOW DRAWING in the city of Baltimore, and continues to draw 1500 tickets each week until finished. In this Lottery there are the following

CAPITAL PRIZES!

Two of	20,000	Dollars,
Three of	10,000	do.
Three of	5,000	do.
Two of	2,000	do.
Ten of	1,000	do.

Besides a large number of $. 500, 200, 100, 50, &c. Sixteen day's drawing are over, and no prize higher than $. 2500 has been drawn.

TICKETS & SHARES warranted undrawn, are now selling at

HUNTER & ROBINSON's
LOTTERY OFFICE, No. 96, MARKET-STREET,
BALTIMORE,

At the following prices; but it is expected from the small number on hand that they will soon be considerably advanced—present price,

Whole tickets,	$. 12 00
Half do.	6 00
Quarter do.	3 25
Eighth do.	1 75

Letters from a distance (post paid) enclosing the cash for tickets, will be immediately attended to, and the earliest information given.

☞ A printed list of ALL the prizes drawn in the above lottery is published every week by H. & R. and forwarded gratis to all those who wish it.

Dec. 13, 1809.

The United Sons of Order;
FREE & EASY,

Meet at the house of DANIEL PARKER, sign of the Robinson Crusoe, south Third-street, every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock, during the season. All social souls, fond of mirth and glee, are invited to attend.

Oct. 25.

T. BEHAN,
Portrait and Miniature Painter,

HAS the honour of returning his thanks to the [illegible] citizens of Philadelphia, for the liberal patronage [illegible] experienced, and respectfully informs them his painting room is removed to

No. 31, NORTH EIGHTH-STREET,

He will devote a portion of his time to the instruction of a class of ladies, and another of gentlemen, in the art of drawing---for terms and hours of tuition, apply as above. Nov. 22.

DAVID INGS,
(SUCCESSOR TO JAMES KER)

HAS taken that commodious and well known tavern No. 71, Dock-street, where he will constantly keep an assortment of the very best liquors, Wines, beer, porter, &c.

Dinners, suppers, relishes, &c. prepared at the shortest notice. Dec. 13.

A YOUNG LADY's PRAYER FOR A HUSBAND.

From a profane Libertine, from one affectedly pious, from a profuse almoner, and from an uncharitable wretch, from a wavering religionist, and an unjudicious zealot—deliver me!

From one of starched gravity, or ridiculous levity, from an ambitious statesman, from a restless projector, from one that loves any thing better than ME, but what is just and honorable—deliver me!

From an ecstasied poet, from a modern wit, from a base coward and from a rash fool—deliver me!

From a darling of Venus, from a proselyte of Bacchus, from a travelling half bred, and all other masculine affectations not yet recounted—deliver me!

But give me one whose love has more judgment than passion, who is master of himself, or at least an indefatigable scholar in such a study, who has an equal flame, a parallel inclination, a temper and a soul so like mine that, as two tallies, we may appear more perfect by union. Give me one of as genteel an education as a little expence of time will permit, with an indifferent fortune, independent of the servile leeves of the great, and yet one whose retirement is not so much from the public as to himself: one (if possible) above flattery and affronts, and yet as careful of preventing an injury as able to repair it; one whose beauty of mind exceeds that of his face, yet that not deformed, so as to be distinguishable from others by its ugliness. Give me one that has learned to live much in a little time; one that is no great familiar in conversation with the world, nor no little one with himself; one (if two such happinesses may be granted at one time to our sex) who, with these endowments, may have an easy, honest disposition, who, by his practice as well as principles, has made himself amiable and just; let him be truly virtuous and pious, and let me be truly happy in my choice.

W. R.

IRISH BINDING.

Teague, a true honest soul as e'er trod Irish ground,
Once was sent by his master some books to get bound;
Bibles, essays, and poems, and works of *virtu*,
To be deck'd with gilt letters, in scarlet and blue;
When the artisan ey'd them, in terms of his trade,
'Some of these must be done in *Morocco*,' he said;
'The bibles in *Turkey*; and as for the rest,
I think *Basil* and *Russia* will suit them the best.'
'Fait,' says Teague, 'hold your bodder and outlandish stuff,
Sure, and wo'nt Irish binding look just well enough!
Why these outlandish elves would ye be after troubling?
Master told me to get 'em all bound here in Dublin.'

N. S.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 20, 1809.

To the Citizens of the Northern Liberties.

Take a walk down to the Hay-scales wharf, and you will observe, directly back of the sign of Noah's Ark, a few hundred cords of wood, bought up on speculation, and enquire *who* has purchased it. A stranger enquired the other day, of the corder, *who owned it*, and was answered very roughly by him, '*it is mine and be damn'd to you!*!' Citizens, is this a proper person to be corder in your district?

Fact. The wood is bought up by the Corder's son-in-law.

For the TICKLER.

AN EXPOSITION

OF

'EXPOSITION No. I.'

Mr. Scratch'em,

From the nature of my connection with the 'Quizzical Club,' I was not a little surprised at so *little* a man as Mr. Expositor, alias Mr. * * * * should be concerned in an undertaking of such magnitude as *an attempt* to entertain (or as he supposes) to edify the public with an '*exposition*' of the tendency of an association of which he knows nothing more than the bare name! I am therefore under the necessity of flatly contradicting the groundless assertions which the gentleman has so boldly advanced, and to expose more satisfactorily the malignity and meanness of calumniating the institution in question, merely because he some time since, was refused the gratification of his prying curiosity. I shall patiently wait until he *exposes* himself more fully, in order to prove that his slanderous accusations are '*false as hell.*'

Before I now conclude, however, I cannot forbear congratulating Mr. * * * * for the importance and utility of his valuable discovery, 'that the pain of a wound arises not from its severity, but from the manner in which, or the person from whom we sustain it.' I shall accordingly encourage the wiseacre, not to feel himself in the least hurt by an exposition of his numerous glorious and praise-worthy actions, which will be exposed to public view in due time, thereby plainly shewing that some few besides himself are endowed with the faculty of 'seeing that all is not unseen.' The feeble attempts at wit in 'Exposition No. I.' were treated by the Q. C. with the contempt they merited, and Mr. Expositor will soon have the mortification to find that the perfect knowledge of his character, which an *individual* possesses, will enable him effectually to silence the batteries of malice opened by a *crook*-nosed iron-*bound* votary of Venus and the Muses, against

QUIZ & CO.

Mr. Scratch'em,

Among the several grievances, that we female of the city of Philadelphia labour under, permit me, *Eliza*, of Second-street, to mention one; it is, Mr. Toby, I and my sister cannot go from our house to see our cousin in Cherry-street without passing by the sign of the *Golden Goose*; there we are sure to be attacked by a certain ribbon weaver, one who is able (or is said to have once, in company with some others) to have turned wine into water, *not water into wine*, out he comes and is sure to insult us, notwithstanding we tell him '*that he lives at free quarters*,' it will not affront him; no, the *pretty fellow* won't take the hint, and he will gallant us through the street, singing '*O poor Robinson Crusoe*,' on so high a key that we are often put to the blush. Dear Mr. Tickler, give this ribbon weaver a hint to stay more at home, to take to ——— — industry, or to look out for an advertisement beginning with—*Wanted a Clerk, in a vendue store, possessing impudence.*

Mr. Scratch'em,

I am in the habit of visiting the Delaware coffee-house of this city, for the purpose of looking over the morning papers. If I happen to be there about a quarter of an hour previous to half past 9 o'clock, I can take up two papers, viz. Poulson's and Dunn's, and look over them with satisfaction to myself; if after that hour, I find nothing can be done before 2 o'clock P. M. The reason is, that about half past nine down (from the Custom-house) comes Benny Ashmete and his bosom friend Jemmy Nearsight,—and sometimes Dumb-ass Waderman; the first thing that Jemmy roars out for is, '*where is the Aurora?*' Whoever is in possession of it must give it up, as Jemmy *is cock of the walk* there—here Ashmete read the Oracle—(Ashmete begins) '*We* premised a few days ago'—stop, cries Jemmy; 'Eliza bring the file of the Aurora for last week, that Benny may see what Duane premised and what'—after much dispute whether the paper is lost, mislaid, &c. Jemmy consents that Benny may proceed. Benny then goes on and reads all Dunn's heavy, nonsensical lucubrations from the beginning of the paper to the end. Would you believe it, Mr. Scratch'em, (but it is a fact) Benny, the other day, asked Jemmy whether he should read Doctor Dyott's advertisement? by all means, replied Jemmy, *you have not read his wonderful* advertisement these *two* days. So, my dear Toby, does this creature proceed until ten or twelve o'clock; when after swallowing two gills of brandy and water, am obliged to leave the house, without seeing the paper alluded to. Mr. Toby this is too bad, you will readily acknowledge; I must therefore beg of you to give these *gentlemen* a hint to postpone looking over the *Oracle* until the evening, that *merchants clerks at least* may be edified by Dunn's cogitations.

Toby,

You have mentioned several grievances under which the citizens of Philadelphia labour, but among great ones you have forget one, which I take the liberty of putting you in mind of:—It is the suffering of servants to carry market-baskets of an enormous size thro' our markets on a market-day. It appears to me, that lately our quality wish to be known by the size of their market-baskets—it is bad enough, heaven knows, to be shoved about without the assistance of a large basket in the hands of an athletic black, knocked against your head, or shoved against your breast, enough to knock a moderate person down, if he was not supported by a next passengers: but this is not all, our great ones of the *present* day, think it beneath them to market themselves, and send their servants above described to purchase for them; in general they are well supplied with money, which gives those servants a share of insolence altogether intolerable; if they observe any article they wish to purchase laying on a stall, they take the liberty of pushing their way with their baskets, and are sure to get it, if snatching it out of a decent person's hands, or roughly pushing him aside, will answer, otherwise they offer more for the article. My friends Humbugger and John Catfish Miller, the other day in market, had their heads knocked together by major L's black coachman's basket, and if dame Nature had not most graciously favored them with thick *sculls*, they would certainly have been split. Humbugger however felt the shock, and roared out '*Zum teufel, I vinsch I hat you dent feller on de roats filling fridges, Ise dickle you for bewsing dis chendlemens so.*' As this evil is increasing daily, Mr. Toby, I think it time our city Solomons should look into the matter of complaint; no citizen can have redress for an insult offered to him in the market, without turning constable himself and neglecting his business; it is in vain to look for the clerk of the market, except you are in the habit of visiting the *gin twist* manufactories in Market street. There it is true, you would find *Tommy* explaining the *Aurora* to a number of gin toddy, gin twist gin bitters, and spirit bitters men; and there you would find *Billey* disputing about whether the words *which* or *who* was most proper in the beginning of the Lord's prayer. Had not our city Solomons better employ (on market days at any rate) eight additional citizens (none of your *watering place* men) to walk up and down the markets from sun rise until 10 o'clock in the morning in order to prevent bakers and hucksters entering into the market until that hour, and to whom a a citizen can appeal to if he is insulted, or sees any improprieties going forward in the market.

Mr. Scratch'em,

A great political SANHEDRIM presents at present an example worthy of notice, notwithstanding all that may have been heretofore said, or written respecting equality and the rights of man.

It may open its doors on the *Morrow* to a *King* (*Le Roy*) and a *Turner*, a *Franklin*, a *Gardner* and a *Troop* of *Smiths* may sit down with the *Pope*—a *Parker* may have as much *Love* for his fellow men as the philanthrophic *Howard*. A *Taylor* may enter as bold as a *Lion*, while a strong *Hale* fellow may be as feeble and as slender as a *Reed*.

The *Cook* may, at the proper hour, furnish them with *Cutts* of *Bacon*, and *Liver-more* than they can eat, while the *Butler* may ply them with excellent *Porter*. A *German*, instead of a pipe, may prefer a *White*-back with *Sage* and onions, while a *Chamberlain* may content himself with a slice of beef and a *Root* of horse-radish. A *Good-rich* man may associate with a *pleasant Miller* and dine upon *Salmon* and think no more of *Gold* than he would of *Clay*—and a *Sawyer* may say he has had the honour to *Bibb* it with a *Bard*.

TOM SHUFFLETON.

District of Columbia, Dec. 13.

Mr. Scratch'em,

About fifteen months since a woman was committed to gaol for larceny. Lawyer Notquiteblack became bail for her, and she was discharged from prison—immediately upon her liberation she ran away, according to agreement, (as it is surmised) having first paid Notquiteblack the amount of his bail; but he has not paid the forfeiture to the commonwealth. The person, whose goods had been stolen, was thus deprived of his legal means of redress, by Notquiteblack's officious interference. The circumstances *leaked out* in a recent trial before arbitrators, between Smyth and Tompkins. Notquiteblack acknowledged the facts, and said that he kept the money, *because nobody had demanded it of him.* Now, he is a kind of *lackey* to the great gun of the law, and who ought he to ask for it but *himself?* Notquiteblack *won't sue you* for publishing this.

Yours, &c. &c.

TWIG'EM.

Baltimore, December 12, 1809.

Mr. Scratch'em,

From the frequent notice you take of a number of characters in your city, distinguished for their *modesty*, such as Johnny Hopkins, Theophy Hear-ass, Lord Rantall, Toney Pasquin, Notquiteblack, Sighing Rantall, &c. I am almost induced to suppose you intended to insinuate that the citizens of Philadelphia were alone possessed of that *amiable quality*, to the exclusion of every other part of the Union. If such is your object, I must beg leave to tell you that you are in a most egregious error; for we have many persons in Baltimore, as distinguished for *modesty* as those pretenders you speak of; nay, some who even excel them. Some time since there came to this place, that paragon of *modesty*, the Yankee tinman, or Connecticut Beauty, who produced his certificate awarded him by the 'Court of Modesty' in Philadelphia; he now is generally allowed to take the lead, however not without exciting the envy and jealousy of some of his *modest* competitors, who appear to be much chagrined when they think that

'He should so far get the start of the active world,
And bear the palm alone!'

SHAKSPEARE—*ahem!*

Next, in the scale of merit, to the Connecticut Beauty, may be ranked our *gallant* commodore, whose *naughty*-cal exploit you recently noticed—he is as remarkable for his *modesty* as he is renowned for his *valour*, so eminently displayed in the different engagements which he has had with *Cyprian gallies*. After the *valiant* commodore, a long list of modest worthies might be enumerated, among whom are lawyer Thickscull, Beau Tawdry, Granny Jumps, Fop Foolscap, Parson Slush, a *stiff* hair-dresser, the mammoth *grocer*, and his colleagues, who have lately

'Witch'd the world with bridge-building.'

SHAKSPEARE—*ahem!*

The assertion said to have been made by colonel James A. Buchannan, '*that there was not an honest mechanic in Baltimore*,' was no bad specimen of *modesty*.

I trust, Mr. Scratch'em, that these examples of modesty, furnished by Baltimore, will suffice; but should you persist in the endeavour to palm your *modest* Philadelphia characters upon the world, as the sole models worthy of imitation, I shall be compelled to draw a more minute comparison of their respective merits, which I assure you, will eventuate much to the disadvantage of the Philadelphia candidates, who it will be ascertained, are mere nincompoops, when contrasted with those we possess.

PHILO-MODESTUS.

A volume of 'love-lorn' ditties were recently published in Baltimore, entitled '*Original Poems.*' Although they appear to be but clumsy imitations, or rather *unintentional satires* upon the poems of Anacreon Moore, Charlotte Smith, &c. yet we do not doubt their *originality*. The author, who we understand is but a juvenile *Tarquin* of the muses, has suffered his anxiety for fame to get the better of his discretion, which has prevented him from adopting the salutary advice of Pope,

'To keep your work *nine years*.'

Had the author of '*Original Poems*' lived in the days of Pope, he would have been immortalized and held a conspicuous place in the *Dunciad*.

If upon an attentive perusal, we should discover any part of the work meriting more particular notice, we shall extract it for the *amusement* of our patrons.

Poor Billy Binder, one of our sage senators, is in a sad *quandary*. Owing to the roughness of the turnpike between this city and Lancaster, his two butts of beer were staved in, and the essence of malt and hops entirely lost.

The editor of the Aurora frequently exhorts his readers '*to call things by their right names.*' We wish him to adopt his own admonition, and call himself by his '*right name*,' which would then read '*William Dunn.*' Och! what a baste must that man be, that will go for till deny his father's own son!

For the TICKLER.

EXPOSITION No. 2.

How now, ye flat and secret wags!
All that we do
Ye fain would have us think right 'Quizzical!

Mr. Scratch'em,

When I sent you the first number of the Exposition, I thought it might not be a *Mile-Out* of the way, to venture a few remarks on a set of young gentlemen, who, lately have formed themselves into

a society, in hopes my hints might be of some benefit to them. I have since, been strengthened in that belief, and anticipate the day, as not far distant, when they shall with transport, kiss your useful *fly-brush*. But till these behold the happy change, I shall not cease writing till all be *greene!* No, should even my hand be as restless as the *pendulum* of a clock, or my pen be metamorphosed into a *ten-penny nail*, still would I write.

The institution which forms the subject of this series, is beyond a doubt *loadable*, and I do not feel the least hesitation to say that it will *carry*. Speaking of carrying, reminds me of an anecdote——I'll tell it you Mr. Scratch'em, I know you love a good joke dearly. A gentleman, some time ago, was boasting in company of his strength, not his mental, but his corporeal strength—among other things, he said he could carry or lift with any horse! A by-stander, a queer dog, exclaimed, 'can you in faith!' 'That's what I can,' replied the first with exultation. 'Then you do not belie your nature,' retorts the other, 'for I never knew an ass but what could carry a good burden.'

Forgive this digression Mr. S. the itch of telling a good thing (it matters not how much out of season) is so prevalent in our days, that I thought *I* might try a *thing* of the kind. However that being neither here nor there, I fear I shall only lose time, and you probably all patience, were I to continue much longer in this strain; therefore, with your permission, I shall proceed with my remarks on the *loadable* society in question.

It consists of 30 or 40 members (at least so Fame with her thousand tongues proclaims it) all of whom are *candyed & honour-rabble*. Though *men* of *talons* they all disdain writing—and who can blame them?

'Now every 'quizzing jack-ass' dares to write!'

As *Mil*-stone would have said; should they catch the infection and fall to scribbling 'like all the world,' what would people think? Why they might think our *candyed & honour-rabble* gemmen, were 'quizzing jackasses,' also; consequently to save the mind all unnecessary and disagreeable conjectures, they leave their conduct to speak for them—and who seeing and studying *that*, could ever say they are not---but I am growing warm—too warm in their behalf, and dreading your readers might think me one of the fraternity, I shall hastily conclude this number, and begin the next with all that *sang froid* and deliberation, so *momentous* a subject requires.

For the TICKLER.

'In ancient times, *when maids in thought were pure*,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure;
Then, the wide ruff the well turn'd neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts *within the stays* repos'd!
The bosom *now* its panting beauties shows;
The experienced eye resistless glances throws.
How are the sex improv'd in amorous arts,
What new found lures they *shew* what *dangerous parts*.'

I have been always an admirer of the fair sex, and consider a fine form, gracefully attired and moving with effect, as the perfection of personal charms in woman; yet I must venture to mutter my disapprobation of the prevailing manners and modes. Instead of waiting as formerly to be courted by the men, *some* women are now become the suitors of that sex, from whom they ought to experience the most respectful homage. Can any thing be so unbecoming as the present race of half dressed ladies? Any thing more repulsive than their bold and unauthorised advances toward the men, whom they seem determined to carry, as it were *vi et armis*, by assault! What wise man would wish to find himself the proprietor of that of which every man *seems invited* to become possessor? Where the natural offences of delicacy are *removed*, the soil itself must soon be exposed to every trespasser.

Now Mr. Scratch'em, as it is entirely in your vocation of *Censor Morum*, I wish you would apply a gentle flagellation to the *naked* shoulders of those ladies, who appear daily in our streets, *shewing* such *fatal weapons*, and with such treasonable designs upon all *modest* and unguarded passengers.

VERBUM SAT.

For the TICKLER.

COMMUNICATION.

The state of parties in Pennsylvania is at this time very instructive. Leib, Duane, Lloyd, &c. have commenced a furious opposition against the governor, whose election they so recently aided with all their force; and it is now pretty clearly ascertained that his reign will be limited to three short years.

Snyder, Binns and their friends, affect much surprize at the conduct of their quondam associates. Arrived at the summit of their wishes they fondly flattered themselves, that they should be able to retain a firm hold of their ill-gotten authority, and to 'wield at will that fierce democracy' which they had stimulated into madness, and which they had taught to consider 'insurrection' as an 'holy thing' and a 'first duty.'

They imagined that *their* work being done, they might break the instruments which they had employed. In this, however, they have been deceived. Peace, order and submission to *their own* authority, have now become their themes, but from such teachers they are not likely to be heard with reverence. The mob of Pennsylvania, which have been taught rebellion against the United States, cannot easily conceive why it should swear fealty and homage to Binns, Boileau, Snyder and their colleagues. These new missionaries of tranquility are accordingly looked upon by the populace as betrayers of the cause of confusion and treason. The character which they have abandoned, has been seized, or rather succeeded to by the democrats of the 'old school,' who while they furiously combat their predecessors, still copy the arts of those predecessors with an almost slavish exactness. The same unprincipled appeals to the worst passions of the crowd, the same indulgence for acts reprobated by the laws, the same miserable pretexts, and the same calumnious reports and insinuations, which had been used by the Snyderites to destroy the quids, are now employed by them for the destruction of Snyder and his party. The success in both cases will be equally complete.

SPINOSUS.

CHEERING NEWS FOR THE CYPRIAN NYMPHS.

The redoubtable *shy-valorous*, and accomplished colonel JOHN-ASS (derivative of *Jack-ass*) SIMONDS has recently arrived in this city, to the great joy of the votaries to the Paphian Queen.

'Thus, first of birds, the Turkey-cock so bold,
Around the dunghill ranging uncontroul'd,
With all the pride of self-importance big,
Struts, and *looks stately* at each passing *pig*—
While hens and *geese* around at distance stare,
And wonder who the devil marches there!'

Colonel Jon-ass looks as fat, sleek and cosy though he had not seen much *hard service*. The ass-[illegible] *coward*, *Duane*, properly *Dunn*, will not feel the want of a *companion*, whilst Simonds remains in town.

The rosy-gilled sausage-making major of New-Jersey, is requested to inform the public how he disposes of the *horns* and *bristles* of the *hogs*, out of which he makes his sausages.

The board of control for this city and district, acting in concert with the privy council of his 'tannic majesty, the king of Ignorance, hold their meetings regularly at the sign of the White Goose, in Race-str. We shall occasionally watch this assemblage of 'secret, black and midnight hags.'

An Affair of Honor.

The example of *John G. Jackson*, and ——— *Pierson*, Esqs. members of congress, has infected even the knights of the *goose* and *shears* in this city. During last week, two cross-legged heroes, members of the needle fraternity, differed upon a *point*—of honor!—a challenge was given and accepted with avidity—they met near the marine barracks, and after exchanging three fires, one of the combatants, a fellow who don't relish *Lapi's-lies*, declared upon his *honor* and *soul*, that he suspected the seconds of humbugging, and swore he wouldn't fight any more, so he wouldn't, unless the pistols were loaded with ball! The seconds promised to do them ample justice—one of them being a son of Syntax, introduced in lieu of balls, a small quantity of red ink into each pistol—they again fired, and the *Taylor* lodged the red contents of his pistol on his antagonist's breast, which completely *sponged his vest*, and from its colour led him to believe that he was *kill*—he immediately fainted and fell. The *Taylor* conceiving that he had *sewed up* and *pressed off his man*, *brushed off*, and fairly tramped it into Jersey, where he still remained according to the last advices, in all probability *whipping the cat*.

This circumstance caused a great bustle among the knights of the calling, who conceive the honor of the trade to have been amply vindicated against the malicious aspersions hitherto cast upon the profession. Major Stitch and Major Smiley, vied with each other which should be the first to communicate this glorious occurrence.

Our old philosophic friend, Robert T. Rawle, Esq just to 'wile away the weary hours,' and prevent the time hanging heavy on his hands, has turned his attention to mercantile pursuits, and recently made some *commercial* speculations in *Rice*. John Catfish Mille knows what we allude to.

Mercurius, a Persian, under Constantius was a great favorite of that emperor, and a *spy for dreams*, insomuch that he had the title of *Somniorum Comes*.

We do not know that our Solomon Simon, emperor of the quadroon faction, keeps his Mercurius to spy for dreams, but this much is well known, that he keeps his *petty* runners, spies, pimps, and *eves-droppers* to hunt out *causes* of accusation against every person suspected of not supporting his majesty's *war-like* measures!

Billy Baboon, alias the *Hessian Fifer*, we believe has hitherto acted *pro tem.* as his majesty's *Somniorum Comes*, while *modest*, *dove-like* Billy Findlay, the *natural* enemy of every person but himself, and the noted correspondent of Johnny Binns, acts the *honorable* part of *slave* driver to the administration.

Jail-bird Binns, Billy Baboon, Billy Robespierre, and Simon's official knights of *insurrection*, complain most bitterly of the late success of the *old school* principles. Long faces and dear shaving with those *pensioned* knights of Selin's-grove this winter, when the rod of justice falls on Simon their master.

CLUB ADMINISTRATION.

Mr. Toby,

It is mentioned, that in consequence of the *ghost* of major Eustice having appeared in Lancaster to general Brandyface, not long since, the *universal office hunter* fell into the dumps most sadly—and curs'd and roar'd, and roar'd and curs'd, like a maniac. And what is not extraordinary for mad men, during his fit of jumping round his office, fell to beating every man, woman, and child within reach of his *warlike fists!*

Some strange fatality must surely attend his 'tannic majesty's administration, when *two* of his principal directors are haunted with ghosts! Poor doctor Quigley—poor major Eustice—You have fallen by the hands of whom?

N. B.

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

The following extract from the fourth book of Tacitus, contains such excellent truths, and they so admirably suit Simon Snyder's court and buffoons about him—we give it your readers as a correct *quadroon cabinet looking glass*.

Says Tacitus—"In all courts there are many who rise into notice and preferment for no greater merit than that of *officiousness*, *buffoonery*, and *tale-bearing*!!! And courts are the places in the world where *bad* and *worthless* people can do the most harm; a *Barber*, a *Porter*, a *valet de chambre*, and even a child, are all capable of doing notable mischief there. Those *instruments*, let them be ever so mean, will find some one or other to *hear them*;" (a *quadroon governor*, and *members of the legislature*, for instance) these will find others; and a story that has run through an hundred hands, and can be traced to no original, or to a very *low one*, perhaps the *idle prattle* of a *chamber maid*, may, for all that, have no mean *influence*." This is an excellent *lilt up* for *sartan* tale-bearers now in employ under silly Simon. Lilt up Simon.—Huzza!—We carry all before us by *this art*.

Mac A-jumpi-see, *Ephey Shuttle & Co.*

New Theatre.

LAST NIGHT
Of MASTER PAYNE's Engagement.

Wednesday Evening, December 20,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A celebrated Tragedy, in 5 acts, called

BARBAROSSA,

TYRANT of ALGIERS.

Barbarossa	Mr. Warren
Othman	Master Barrett
Selim	Master Payne.
Sadi	Mr. Downie
Aladin	Mr. Briers
Zaphira	Mrs. Barrett
Irene	Mrs. Wood
Female Slave	Miss Pettit

To which will be added, a Comic Opera, in 2 acts, called

TOO MANY COOKS

Old Rivers	Mr. Francis
Young Rivers	Mr. Jacobs
Freeland	Mr. Briers
Bustleton	Mr. Jefferson
Barney O'Bother	Mr. Hardinge
Boosey	Mr. Durang
Laura Freeland	Mrs. Seymour
Phœbe	Mrs. Francis
Katy O'Bother	Mrs. Jacobs

On Friday, the tragedy of

ROMEO & JULIET,

with entertainments,

For the benefit of Master Payne, being positively his last appearance this season.

☞ In rehearsal—the celebrated melo-drame of the BLIND BOY.

Box, one dollar---Pit, three quarters of a dollar, and Gallery, half a dollar.

Doors will be opened at 5, and the curtain will rise at 6 o'clock, precisely.

Places in the Boxes to be taken of Mr. Pullen, in the front of the Theatre, from 10 till 2, and on the days of performance from 10 till 4 o'clock

☞ Gentlemen are respectfully informed, that they cannot be permitted to smoke Segars within the Theatre, and that PASS CHECKS ARE NOT TRANSFERABLE.

A Stray Dog,

CAME to No. 71, south Eleventh-street, on the 16th inst. He is a large mastiff—brindled; has his tail and ears cut. The owner is requested to call, prove property, pay charges, and take him away.

Dec. 20.

THE LADY's TOILET.

'May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress.'

Why are women in their dress, so fond of art, when nature has done so much for them? Is it not a kind of insult to the partial and benevolent hand that has been, for them so lavishly profuse of every genuine charm and native grace? Woman is the complement of the human creation; the last and finishing stroke given to that sublime picture. When woman was created, nature shone with a greater lustre, and man with a brighter glory; and the divine power itself, as it were, conscious of not being able to shape matter in a nobler or more elegant form, rested then from his works. Blessed them and declared them good. Why then should women be so little sensible of their dignity in the scale of created beings? or why should they so little appreciate men's feelings, as to think, that in swaying his affections, they should be more indebted to the paltry efforts of a useless art than to the irresistible and divine influence of unadorned and unaffected beauty, united to moral perfection?

Woman, it is true, is not created to govern and rule the world; her lot is, perhaps still more glorious; she is created to make it happy. Woman sits not on the legislator's benches; she weighs not in her feeble hand the destinies of nations; but it is on her soft and generous bosom, on that sweet throne of an ever adorable and bounteous nature, that the little infant, in the raptured embraces of maternal love and filial gratitude, opens his heart to the first emotions of human virtue, and receives the first rudiments of his social education. Formed for the kind offices of gentle charity and love, woman leads not armies to destruction and carnage; but it is by the mild beams of her lovely eyes that the breast of man is fired with a patriotic ardour; it is the winning softness of her all endearing voice that, even in the noise of battles, yet thrilling on the heart of the gallant hero, prompts his immortal valour, and crowns his victorious hand with deeds of immortal glory.

Woman embellishes every thing, endears every thing; without her man, deprived of comfort in his existence, and solace in his sufferings, would be most wretchedly wandering, in a solitary gloom, through a cheerless world. Woman is in the order of society, what the sun is in that of nature: then disdaining every art, let woman, like the sun, shine with her own glory: and is it in the power of human art to add to the whiteness of that fair lily, to the hue of that lovely rose? No; oh sweet modesty, adorable innocence! mystic and sacred veil, under whose heavenly shade nature first concealed from mortal eye the unspotted charms of female beauty; it belongs to you, and to you only, still to embellish to ennoble, those beauteous and elegant forms, which seem to have been erected as a terrestial temple of the sweet affections that spring from you; and never does a woman present herself to our view with so irresistible a power and so fascinating a grace, as when her features reflect the purity of your image, and her dress 'the loose simplicity' of your lovely spirit. Let then a lady's toilet be a kind of sanctuary sacred to innocence and modesty; let art approach it not as a vile usurper, but like an humble votary, to pay the respectful tribute of his homage to that noble and divine original, of which his most laboured efforts can hardly present an imperfect copy.

A man of feeling and sense, will seldom be captivated by the beauty of female features, but inasmuch as they express some moral quality. The feeling principle which exists within us, independent of matter, will seek for something congenial to itself; and it seems as if human features, and their ever varying shades, are but a medium by which sympathetic nature wafts soul to soul. They point out to a woman how much, in pleasing and captivating, external features are subservient to inward passions; how much the influence of the former depends on the proper regulation of the latter.

'Those at first, th' unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain.'

Women's faces, like polished glass, will be sullied even by the breath of zephyr. Strong unnatural passions soon darken the sweet brightness of their countenances, disorder the harmony of their fine proportions, roughen the smooth and delicate texture of their visage, and instantaneously check the attractive powers of genuine beauty; whereas the friendly virtues of innocence, peace, goodness, when they dwell in their hearts, will breathe their own purity, even on the outward form of the body, in which they are enclosed, expand the indifferent feature into a ray of beauty, & form those ever lovely combinations, from which spring charms ever new, graces ever sweet.

The laurels which beauty owes to the guiles of gaudy art, will soon pass and decay; those it owes to the influence of sweet virtue will last as long as virtue itself. By the former, women may perhaps, enjoy the momentary advantage of an usurped victory; but by the latter, they will be crowned by our affections, with the never fading honors of a well deserved triumph.

Oh woman! be always good, and you will always be lovely: be more desirous of being approved by our hearts than courted by our eyes. Cultivate the advantage of a well informed mind, of an innocent and generous heart; they, more than the vain toils of art, will brighten every grace and sweeten every smile. It is these which will encircle your eyes with the radiant lustre of soothing meekness, and attune your voice to the angelic sound of sweetness. By these you become mighty, though weak; irresistible, though defenceless. By these, even amidst the gloomy winter of your age, you still keep and present our fancy with some of the lovely flowers which have adorned the spring of your youth.

AN. ADMIRER.

[*From the miscellaneous works of Philip Freneau.*]

A LECTURE UPON BEARDS.

Permit me, gentlemen, to address you on a subject which I do not remember to have seen handled by any one of the celebrated writers of antiquity, and which I am sorry to say, few or none of the moderns have deemed worthy of their serious attention. It is a subject upon which Aristotle himself, that admirable naturalist, has thought fit to be uncommonly sparing in his observations; which Titus Livy has not once mentioned in any of his decades, neither has it been descanted on in the almanac of John Nathan Hutchins, who, if I am rightly informed, suffered nothing else of similar importance to escape him.

The subject, which has thus forcibly impressed itself on my ideas at this present time, is gentlemen, nothing more or less than *beards*. Beards you will say—what can possibly be said on this most barren of all topics that will command silence only for one quarter of an hour? Lend me your attention but that short space of time, and I will endeavour to convince you that the subject has been hitherto shamefully neglected, and that it contains far more pith and energy than the world has been willing to suppose.

The word *beard*, sayeth the celebrated Isaac Causaubon, is derived from *bard*, under which denomination the poets of former ages generally passed. These personages, I suppose for want of a barber, constantly suffered the hair upon the chin and lips to increase to its full natural length, from which custom this excrescence acquired the appellation of *beard*, from the *bards* that greatly encouraged its growth by their own example.

However, *Salmasius*, *Heinsius*, *Aldrovandus*, *Julius Scaliger*, *Dr. Bentley*, and several other learned men are of a different opinion. 'The word *beard*,' say they, is undoubtedly derived from *bear*, an animal often met with in the forests of America, and by no means unknown in many parts of Europe and Asia. The bear has been noted for a tuft of hair upon his chin, strikingly analogous to what we call the beard in the human species'. Hence, then, comes the name, by only adding the letter *d*, as in the former case they wickedly interpolated an *e*. But if any should presume to deny that *bears* have *beards*, (says the acute and celebrated Bentley) he must be extremely ignorant, not only in the history of animals commonly termed Zoology, but must have been criminally negligent in perusing the story of *David*, the son of Jesse, as preserved in the Jewish records; for *there*, we are expressly told, that *a bear was caught by the beard, and afterwards smitten with the edge sword.* (Sam. 17, 35.

Thus far the critics and scholiasts. I come now, in the first place, to enumerate the several grand divisions of beards. Beards, gentlemen, at least to a superficial observer, are in their essence similar. It is therefore from the colour only, which is nothing more than a quality, that we can make the several distinctions, and the rather, as it is my fixed determination to reason only from what we know. Beards, I say, may be primarily divided into *black*, *yellow*, *red and blue*, and to these I shall speak, each in its turn and order, only premising that nature seems to have her distribution of beards. What was the foundation in the eternal reason for this antipathy, it is not for such as me to say, neither will I be so bold as to assert that a total negation of *blue beards* is absolutely the case in *rerum natura*, inasmuch as a wild man with a blue beard is said to have been actually caught some years ago in a trap, in the desolate and mountainous parts of the kingdom of Poland. Why a sample of this man's beard was not sent to be deposited in the cabinet of curiosities belonging to the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, is hard to determine. I am therefore inclined to believe that the man with the above mentioned blue beard did never really exist. I come now to the first division of my subject, which was, to say something upon the excellence of *black* beards.

And here I cannot be sufficiently thankful, that I myself, who am gifted to talk thus learnedly on so new and intricate a subject, as this, am also blessed with a beard of this most excellent color and order. Beards of the other three divisions may, without all manner of doubt, have their particular and individual merits, but I do assert, and I defy any man to prove to the contrary, that all the male worthies of antiquity, the *Alexanders*, the *Pompeys*, the *Scipios*, &c. were all men of your right glossy black beards. Should any of you ask me what nature saw in this color, or rather in this absence of all color, that she should make it, in this case, the criterion and standard of so much excellence; I answer, that black bodies are ever observed to absorb the largest quantity of solar rays. Thus, by a natural and easy analogy the blackness of the beard gives us to understand that your black-bearded men have sucked in the largest quantity of the divine intelligence, or that fine ætherial matter which is said to constitute the souls of the animated creation, and according to the distribution of which we become capable of the different degrees of wisdom, valour, goodness of heart, honesty, and other virtues. Rejoice then, ye men of black beards, in being so particularly distinguished by the patron of all excellence: but take not the merit to yourselves, inasmuch as your beards have not been spun with the distaffs of this world, neither have your own hands twisted them, even as a thread of silk is twined. I must now proceed to the second head of my discourse, which was, to speak a few words relative to yellow beards.

I shall make no secret of it, that I am always particularly upon my guard in my dealings and connexions with this second class of beards; and sorry I am that it is not in my power to plunge the whole race of yellow bearded into the staining pot of blackness itself, yea, into the pickling tub thereof, thereby darkening their beards even as mine own is darkened! I have upon many occasions, observed that yellow beards are for the most part vehemently inclined to over-reaching wrangling, schism, rebellion, and other evil works, which are not convenient. Whether this be owing to a natural thinness of the blood, which transmits too many aqueous particles into the small tubes of each particular hair, and thereby deadens those virtuous principles which are so apparent in black beards, and thus prevents them from attaining to the same degree of maturity; or whether dame Nature, when she was busy in spinning out beards from her invisible distaff, kept a pinch of snuff between her thumb and forefinger, and therewith soiled the thread, I shall not pretend to determine; but certain it is that yellow-bearded men are addicted to numerous evil practices.

Thirdly, the red beard is, of all others, the most mischievous and intolerable; but it is meet that I should make some preliminary explanations.

The ignified, igneous, or fiery particles which are contained in the whole mass of the blood of man, and which are equally disseminated throughout the entire human system, do, like the base and worthless individuals of a nation, sometimes find means to form and collect themselves into certain globules or little bodies and juntos of hot sanguinary matter, and these globules again uniting, do at length become formidable in the regions bordering on the heart; from whence, mounting aloft with extreme rapidity, they pass the narrow chaanel of the jugular vein, and soon after seating themselves in the vicinity of the brain, do produce daring designs and mad purposes of treasons, murders, rapes, and what not? Here then, they propagate and bring forth abundantly other fiery particles, precisely of their own nature and temperament, till the region of sentimentalism and intelligence is overflocked. They then make a disposition to emigrate, and finding no other outlet, pass into the great world through the *barbicular tubes*; and hence, gentlemen, red beards acquire their dangerous menacing appearance. There is something so terrible and shocking in this species of beards, that I must beg to be excused from dwelling any longer on so disagreeable a part of my subject. I sincerely pity the man whom nature has thus distinguished to his own detriment. Such a man *is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils*—the shaking *of his beard is terrible; let no such beards be trusted!*

This leads me to the fourth and last general head of my discourse, which was to say something, though unworthy, upon *grey beards*. Grey beards, gentlemen, are nothing more than the decay of beards in general. What renders them the more dangerous to the community at large, is the extreme difficulty of distinguishing to which of the three former classes they did originally and truly belong. The man that possesses a decent black beard at sixty, and is accordingly respected for the same among his friends and acquaintance, as well as the public in general, is nevertheless in danger of being considered an arrant scoundrel at eighty, by the rising generation, unless he can make it appear his beard was not originally red or yellow. Hence it would be advisable for every man that lives long enough to acquire a grey beard, to procure a certificate in due season from the parson or chief magistrate of his parish, ascertaining to which of the three original ranks, or orders, his beard formerly appertained and did belong.

Gentlemen, I have spoken sufficiently on beards at this time, and remain your most devout humble servant.

ADAM BLACKBEARD.

An Irishman belonging to one of our volunteer corps was enrolled by captain Lisp's orderly serjeant, James O'Hara. After perusing the notice, he exclaimed, 'well then, I must have a *double barrelled gun*, with *two touch holes*, to serve in both corps.

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